within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come up my diſh of Charity, with roſemary and bayes. *Exit.*

Boult. Come Miſtreſſe, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewell you hold ſo deare.

Mar. Prethee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thy enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of every rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? goe to the wars, would you, where a man may ſerve 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and have not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doſt, empty old receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe wayes are yet better than this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the gods would ſafely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter will gaine by mee, proclaime that I can ſing, weave, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues which Ile keep from boaſt, and will undertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Citie will yeeld many ſcholler.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult.

Band. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among th
ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, there's
but by their conſent: therefore I will make them ac
with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall finde
ſtable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, c
wayes. *Ex*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſaies;
She ſings like one immortall, and ſhe dances
As Godeſſe-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and with her needle comp
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, ſiſters the naturall Roſes,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who powre their bounty on her, and her gaine
She gives the curſed Baud. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at ſea, tumbled and toſt,
And driven before the winde, he is arriude
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this Coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: the Cittie ſtriude
God *Neptunes* annuall feaſt to keepe, from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes.
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight
Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might)
Shall be diſcovered, pleaſe you ſit and harke.

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylars.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus?* he can reſol
O here he is ſir, there is a Barge put off from *Metali*
is *Lyſimachus* the Governor, who craves to come ab
is your will?